

wards faithful service—Caleb was rewarded—so our Joshua is our rewarder. But only faithful servants are rewarded. Remember none are too young to be true servants of Jesus Christ. Think of the reward (S. Matt. xxv. 21-34 S. Jas. i. 12; Rev. ii. 10 (latter clause); iii. 5, 12, 21.

## Family Reading.

### HINTS TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

**DROP CAKES.**—Four eggs, one pint of milk, a little salt, and flour enough for a batter; bake in cups.

**KISSES.**—Five ounces of sugar, three eggs, six ounces of flour, pinch of salt; to be dropped and sugar sprinkled on before baking.

**POVERTY CAKE.**—Two cups of cream, two cups of stoned and chopped raisins, two cups of sugar, four cups of flour, one teaspoonful of soda, salt and spice.

**FRIED PIGS' FEET.**—Make a batter, dip the feet into it. Fry in hot fat until brown. Make a little drawn butter, then add a spoonful of vinegar to serve with them.

**NUT CAKE.**—Two cups of sugar, one cup of butter, four eggs, one cup of cold water, three cups of flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, two cups of hickory nut meats.

**LEMON SAUCE.**—Half cup of butter, one cup of sugar, one egg, one grated lemon, three tablespoonfuls of boiling water; put in a tin pail and set in a pan of boiling water to thicken.

**CLAM FRITTERS.**—One pint of sour milk, one even teaspoon of soda, one egg, one dozen of finely chopped clams, and flour to make a stiff batter; drop into boiling lard and fry until cooked.

**SPONGE CAKE.**—Half pound of powdered sugar, quarter of a pound of flour, four eggs, juice of one lemon. Drop from a spoon upon buttered paper; if the mixture runs add more flour. Bake in a quick oven.

**FIG CAKE.**—Two cups of sugar, three-fourths of a cup of butter, whites of six eggs, one cup of milk, one pound of chopped figs, one cup of corn starch, two cups of flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder.

**ONE EGG CAKE.**—One egg, one large spoonful of butter, two cups of sugar, one small cup of milk, two and a half cups of flour, two small teaspoonfuls of baking powder, nutmeg or lemon to flavor.

**CREAM PIE.**—Pint of scalded milk, two eggs; half cup of flour, mixed with milk, cup of sugar, any flavor that is preferred—almond is excellent. Use cup-cake, or any light cake, slightly warm. Pour the custard over it.

**PLAIN CAKES.**—One and a half teacups of sugar, one-half cup of butter, one small cup of sour milk, one teaspoonful of saleratus, flour to mix, flavor with nutmeg. Roll one-half inch thick, cut in round cakes, and bake quickly.

**A NICE MUFFIN FOR BREAKFAST.**—Two cups of oatmeal, one cup flour, one large spoonful of butter, one large spoonful of molasses, one small teaspoonful of soda. Use milk enough to make the batter about like griddle cakes.

**CHOLERA MIXTURES.**—The recent excitement about cholera has caused a demand at the drug stores for popular remedies. The following are the formulae for some of the principal ones:

**Squibb's Cholera Mixture.**—Chloroform, 8 parts; tincture opium, 8 parts; spirits camphor, 8 parts; tincture capsicum, 8 parts; alcohol, 18 parts. Dose, one fluid drachm.

**Asiatic Tincture for Cholera.**—Powdered opium, 1 ounce; camphor, 1 ounce; oil of cloves, 1 fluid ounce; powdered capsicum, 1 ounce; Hoffman's anodyne, 1 ounce. Macerate two weeks and filter. Dose, 20 to 60 drops.

**Thieleman's Cholera Drops.**—Oil of peppermint, 1 fluid ounce; alcohol, 8 fluid ounces; tincture opium and saffron, 3 fluid ounces; tincture ipecac, 8 fluid ounces; tincture valerian, 18½ fluid ounces. Dose, 1 to 2 fluid drachms.

**London Board of Health Cholera Mixture.**—Aromatic powder, 3 drachms; aqua ammonia, 8 drachms; tincture catechu, 10 drachms; tincture cardamon compound, 6 drachms; tincture opium, 1 ounce; chalk mixture sufficient to make 10 fluid ounces. Dose, 1 ounce.

**Sparkman's Cholera Mixture.**—Camphor, 1 drachm; kino, 2 ounces; catechu, ½ ounce; powdered cinnamon, 2 ounces; powdered cloves, 1 ounce; powdered capsicum, 2 ounces; brandy q. s. Moisten the powders with brandy, pack in a percolator, macerate forty eight hours, and percolate 18 fluid ounces. To this add, tincture opium, 20 fluid drachms; chloroform, 1 fluid ounce. Dose, 60 drops.

**CORN SOWING** is a process conducted by the agency of tight boots all the year round. Corn reaping is best conducted through the agency of Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor, the only safe and sure-pop corn cure. Putnam's Extractor is now widely imitated. Beware of all poisonous and sore producing substitutes.

### HIS LOVE TO ME.

To an invalid friend, who was a trembling, doubting believer, a clergyman once said, "When I leave you, I shall go to my own residence, if the Lord will; and when there, the first thing that I expect to do, is to call for a baby that is in the house. I expect to place her on my knee, and look down into her sweet eyes, and listen to her charming prattle; and, tired as I am, her presence will rest me, for I love that child with unutterable tenderness. But the fact is, she does not love me; or, to say the most for her, she loves me very little. If my heart were breaking under a crushing sorrow, it would not disturb her sleep. If my body were racked with excruciating pain, it would not interrupt her play with her toys. If I was dead, she would be amused in watching my pale face and closed eyes. If my friends came to remove the corpse to the place of burial, she would probably clap her hands in glee, and in two or three days totally forget her papa. Besides this, she has never brought me in a penny, but has been a constant expense on my hands ever since she was born. Yet, although I am not rich in the world's possessions, there is not money enough in this world to buy my baby. How is it? Does she love me, or do I love her? Do I withhold my love until I know she loves me? Am I waiting for her to do something worthy of my love before extending it to her?"

"Oh, I see it," said the sick man, while the tears ran down his cheeks, "I see it clearly; it is not my love to God, but God's love to me I ought to be thinking about; and I do love Him now as I never loved Him before."

From that time his peace was like a river.

### THE VIKING.

During one of our services on board a mission vessel in the North Sea, I was much affected by the ineffable treble of a little lad. I said to this child, "Surely you don't work? Is no one with you?" "Yes, sir, I come with my father. Here he is." Thus I was embarked in a conversation with a man whom I had admired greatly. His face was like that of a deeply-cultured man; his brow was white and composed; his eyes had the true abstracted air of a student (until he smiled, when they seemed to light up); and his grave, calm mouth reminded me of the greatest surgeon I ever knew. Here was a curious being to come on board a smack. His voice was very soft, with a sweet Devon accent, and he drew me to him much.

His talk pleased me just as I am pleased when I meet my more highly-cultured friends; he seemed to have little knowledge, yet there was a kind of grasp and surety in his mode of expressing his thoughts which stamped him as a man of fine intellect.

It was the old story in his case. That beautiful, refined face, which good women would love to look upon, had once been bloated and brutalized by foul drink; that sweet, persuasive voice, with its deep, manly cadences had once been constantly raised in mad and senseless convulsions of obscenity and blasphemy; the noble figure—that figure of a sea king—was once enveloped in filth and tatters; his children dreaded their handsome father, and his wife used to fall on her knees and thank God when the wild man's smack left the harbor. "She doesn't thank God when I go now. It's the other way about," said the Viking with his slow, sweet smile.

Now, this man had every capacity for good within him, and he showed it every day. Yet during the best part of his life his good qualities were kept out of sight by his evil indulgence. From his youth upwards he had led the true fisherman's life of isolation from the world, and his rich, brilliant nature had been debauched into mere brutal inanity. As we conversed, my mind reflected on the possibilities within the reach of such a man. "That ample forehead, those noble temples," I thought, "cover a brain fit for anything. Your eyes is a poet's, and you have eloquence by nature; you never stammer for a word, and yet you never talk with the spluttering inconsequence of a Cockney. I cannot imagine you are lying sprawling in the stinking filth of a beerhouse floor; I cannot imagine you are speaking an ungente word to any living creature. How did you come to be immersed in such a slough of despond that your better qualities were choked?"

So my fertile thoughts ran lightning-footed as we talked on. And yet I could very easily have given answers to all my questions. We neglect the heritage of noble men given us by the Ruling Power to bless our State. The rich and powerful are busied with political frivolities, with mean ambitions, or even with useless and sentimental expenditures of charity, and they neglect the men (and women) whose salvation might be the salvation of England. My noble Viking never had a chance in life until the first Deep Sea Mission vessel flew her flag over the bleak North Sea.

But he has no easy ambition; these excellent souls, his poetry, his passionate desire for goodness, his real intellectual power, were buried in groosness. He was one day passing the Mission smack, and in the pure spirit of mischief he resolved to play some insolent prank or other. He was received with a kindness that overcame him, and a few words spoken by a lady on board seemed to eat into his miserable mind with corrosive force. He sought for knowledge in his dim way, and then, in a flash, the force and beauty of his inner nature broke through the casing of vileness by which they had been hidden, and he became speedily the being I saw and admired so deeply.

It is useless to laugh at such things. I have been long trained as a professional mocker, and I believe that during one period of five years I scarcely wrote anything but satires in prose and verse, but I can recognise facts, and when I see a man who was once degraded, but whose present conduct meets every test imposed by the moral law, then I say that the agency which transformed him must be good. We were wrong: we were guilty of the Viking faults and follies; we the Christians, the philanthropists, who, while our vision extends even into the heart of Central Africa, let him go his way, and thus lost the world many years of a noble life. It was the Deep Sea Mission that took our duty and saved a prince of men who had long walked in deepest darkness. That pure and fine face gave me many thoughts, for I found in the man such a refinement and delicacy of thought as to surprise me.

"My one ambition is to be a missionary," he said. "When I was first converted I thought I'd like to go to China or some other country where I could find heathen, but now I see there is enough to be done here." When, as they quaintly put it, "they go to the Lord's side," are singularly modest